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benefaction to mankind. As to his last work, the captivating "Grand Duchess," it is sunshine from beginning to end, and we bid our readers go bask in it!

ITALIAN OPERA.

The new opera *Don Bucefalo*, was produced last evening, and consequently too late in the week to notice in this issue.

THE ART JOURNAL BUREAU OF TRANSLATION.—We are prepared to furnish from this office, translations of Plays, Operas, Songs, &c., from the Italian, French, and German languages, upon moderate terms, and with fidelity and dispatch. Also translations and adaptations to music.

(From the *London Musical World*.)

J. F. BARNETT'S "ANCIENT MARINER."

The artist and literary man often find that the selection of a subject upon which to work is an affair almost equally difficult with the work itself. Wherever there is the modesty that usually accompanies genius, this result is due, in part, at least, to a self-mistrust, which would narrow the field of choice by shutting out anything demanding a more than ordinary ability. As a general rule, those who are most capable of dealing with such subjects only undertake them when a long course of success has worn that feeling away, and assured them of the length and breadth and height of their own powers. But it sometimes happens that self-mistrust forms no part of a man's nature. He has counted and weighed the gifts vouchsafed him, and, not finding them wanting, goes about his work with a confidence which he, at least, considers the facts to warrant. It by no means follows that he is open to censure for this. The modesty of genius is a pretty bit of sentiment; the expression looks well when printed, and sounds well when uttered. In practice, however, it is a nuisance. But for the modesty of genius the world would be richer than it is; and would have possessed what it now enjoys earlier. Its absence, therefore, is not to be considered as a fault *per se*. Whether it be so or not depends entirely upon other and connected things. But whatever the truth on this point, the man who has confidence in himself can have no more trouble in the selection of a subject than that due to an *embarras de richesse*. While others from a distance look longingly, and "let I dare not wait upon I would," he picks out the daintiest jewels in the casket and wears them with the composure of a man conscious of his rights.

It would seem as if the young and promising musician, whose name stands at the head of this article, ranks among the enviable mortals to whom allusion has just been made. When commissioned to write a cantata for the late Birmingham Festival, he showed by his selection of Coleridge's strange and wondrous poem, that there was to him no such thing as "forbidden fruit," but that his right of choice was limitless. Young as he is, Mr. Barnett has acquired that confidence in his own resources which often snatches success out of the fire, and generally selects the fiercest flames for the experiment. After

the "Ancient Mariner," there is nothing he might not attempt with an equal prospect of favorable results, the only drawback being that nothing is left likely to test his powers in a greater degree. Those powers will certainly be riper in twenty years, and possibly Mr. Barnett would have done better to have exercised patience; but had it been left to us whether the "Ancient Mariner" should appear now or then, our reply would have been: "let the 'Ancient Mariner' come at once, because after twenty years it will have no connection with the pleasant freshness and audacity of youth."

It would be far from easy to exaggerate the demands Mr. Barnett's subject made upon him. The marvelous series of pictures which passed before the poet's eye, and was copied for the behoof of all future time in word-painting unsurpassed for vigor and graphic skill, is of such varied interest that only a universal genius could do justice to its requirements. We need not dwell upon the incidents of the story, since they are familiar as household words; nor need we point out where and how they demand in turn the winning grace of a Haydn, the divinely full expression of a Mozart, or the awe-inspiring dramatic power of a Beethoven. What is more necessary is to enquire how far Mr. Barnett has shown himself possessed of the distinguishing traits of these three masters. To save time we may as well state at once that the young musician has not treated his subject, or any part of it, as they would have done. It is perfectly certain that the "Ancient Mariner" would have worn altogether another aspect in their hands. Looking upon the characters and situations as things to be endowed with the life which springs from the touch of genius, they would have intensified every imagining of the poet, made his gentleness more gentle, his pathos more pathetic, and his ghastliness more ghastly. Mr. Barnett has not done this. What is more, he does not seem to have seriously attempted it. Yet the course he adopted was legitimate enough, and possibly wise. A play of Shakspeare might be read by one man, whose facial expression, tones, and gestures, being those of a master in his tricks, leave little for the imagination to do in order to realize the scene.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DUBLIN.—THE ITALIAN OPERA.—A selection from the company of Her Majesty's Theatre are now performing with unwonted success in the Irish capital. The troupe, indeed, is one of the finest which has appeared in Dublin for years, and includes the names of Mdle. Tietjens, Mdle. Sinico, Madame Trebelli, Signors Bettini, Gassier, Foli, Bossi, and Casaboni, Mr. Tom Hohler and Mr. Santley. Signor Bevigiani is the conductor. The "Huguenots" seems to have created an extraordinary effect. The cast was as follows: *Valentine*, Mdle. Tietjens; *Margherita*, Mdle. Sinico; *Urbano*, Madame Trebelli; *Raoul*, Signor Bettini; *De Nevers*, Mr. Santley; *St. Bris*, Signor Gassier; *Marcel*, Signor Foli; a cast, by the way, which is identical in the principal parts with that at Her Majesty's Theatre for the last few years.

DRESDEN.—Herr Böhme, a musician resident here, is about to found an academy of historical and national music, the object of which will be to render students acquainted with the history and characteristics of the music of all times and all countries.

MAKING NOTES.

The late illustrious Cherubini, the director of the *Conservatoire*, after having had an interview with the Duke of Orleans (the eldest son of Louis Philippe, whose untimely death was so much and justly lamented), on some matter of importance relative to the affairs of that establishment, found it necessary to consider the subject before giving his advice.

"My dear master," said the Prince, "I shall be at the opera to-night, and you can then tell me what you think on this matter."

In the evening Cherubini felt unwell and unable to go out. He therefore wrote a letter, and desired one of his servants to deliver it to the Prince's Aide-de-Camp. The messenger repaired to the opera house, and was shown into the Prince's box, in which he found a gentleman sitting by himself.

"Are you his Royal Highness' Aide-de-Camp?"

"Yes," said the Duke, smiling.

After having read Cherubini's letter, the Duke looked at the messenger, in whose physiognomy he was struck with a whimsical expression of discontent.

"You are in M. Cherubini's service?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't you like your place?"

"Why, sir, I like it very well, but unluckily I have no taste for music."

"What, you are a musician, then?"

"No, but I make notes."

"Make notes?"

"Yes, A's and B's. I am condemned to be eternally making notes. I wish I had something else to do."

The curtain rose, and the box filled with company. The old servant took his leave; but the Duke, much amused, and somewhat curious, did not forget the conversation.

"M. Cherubini," said he to the composer, some days afterwards, "why do you employ your servant in making notes?"

"What, your Royal Highness—has he been talking to you?"

"Yes—but what is the meaning of so odd an employment?"

"Why, my lord, this old servant of mine is very useful to me. I don't compose at the piano-forte; I write at my table and have somebody at the piano to touch for me any note that I call for. It is the old Italian method."

"Vastly well," said the Prince, laughing, "but why choose this old man for a duty which he by no means seems to relish?"

"Why, your Royal Highness, 'tis the *lex talionis*. When this old fellow and I first met, it was in the stirring times of ninety-three. We musicians were forced to teach the people patriotic songs. My worthy friend, who had a voice like a bear, made me play over the *Marseillaise* to him for eight days. So I swore to be revenged if ever I found an opportunity."

"And you have found it?" said the Prince.

"Yes; it so happened that, fifteen years afterwards, he applied to me to take him as a servant. Aha! (said I) comrade, you forced me to accompany you when you had the upper hand; so sit down there, and make notes for me when I want them."

The Prince was amused with the story, but, like a generous confidant, he got Cherubini to give his old domestic some employment more to his liking than his everlasting task of making notes.